

HALL WIDOW ARRESTED AS SLAYER OF RECTOR AND HIS CHOIR SINGER

Aroused From Her Sleep And Lodged in Jail Cell

"Crazy Willie" Stevens, the one person to support her alibi on the murder night, September 14, 1922, and Louise Giest, the Hall parlor maid, now accused of intimate knowledge of the crime.

During the period between her arrest and commitment to jail, Mrs. Hall maintained her composure to a remarkable degree. State police failed to break her reserve during two hours of grilling at their headquarters, where she was taken soon after her arrest.

Once in the jail cell and held without bail, her composure, it is said, suddenly deserted her, and she was reported on the verge of collapse from the strain of arrest and grilling.

One of her first acts, when informed of her arrest, was to send for her counsel, Russell E. Watson of this city, and he represented her at a hearing before Justice of the Peace William R. Sutphen at state police headquarters.

The arrest of Mrs. Hall was accompanied by all the drama which characterized the sensational crime from its inception—from the morning, two days after the murders, when the bodies of the illicit lovers were found together.

Charged With Murder

The warrant charging her with murder had been sworn out late yesterday afternoon. Officials threw a veil of secrecy about the proceedings and no word of their intentions seeped out.

Trusted officers received their instructions, as minute and as carefully planned as those given to staff officers before a great army offensive.

No chances were taken of Mrs. Hall evading them by being absent from her home at a social function. The night was well advanced before the raiding force descended upon the home of the murdered minister's widow.

Under the leadership of Major Mark O. Kimberling, Capt. J. J. Lamb of the state police, and Capt. Harry W. Walsh and Detective Sergeant Richard Burke of the Jersey City police, a score of state troopers slipped into New Brunswick.

Silently, according to orders, they divided. One group stationed themselves near the garage on Richmond Street—the entrance Mrs. Hall is said to have used the night of the murders when she returned home, she says, after visiting the Church of St. John the Evangelist with Willie Stevens.

Broker's Home Watched

Another detachment was posted on Townsend Street, near the home of Henry de la Bruyere Carpender, New York broker, and cousin of Mrs. Hall.

Carpender was identified by Mrs. Jane Gibson, the "pig woman," as one of the men she saw with Mrs. Hall on the Phillips farm the night of the murder. Willie Stevens was the other man, Mrs. Gibson said. Mrs. Gibson's story has been discredited, however.

Still another group of the state troopers went to Jones Avenue in the rear of the Hall home.

Sleeping Household Aroused

With every exit guarded, the arresting officers ascended the front steps of the Hall residence. The woman who had successfully resisted implication in the sordid which robbed her of her husband and her pride was about to encounter the toils of the law.

For what seemed hours to the waiting watchers there was silence and then, far within the great house, the doorbell jangled shrilly. It was a sleeping household that the electric gong disturbed.

A yawning servant opened the door a few inches and the police strode in. The demanded that Mrs. Hall appear before them at once.

Slipping a dressing gown over her night attire, the wealthy widow, showing as the world had never seen, the ravages of the gruesome crime upon her features, stumbled to the living room. The living room that had seen so much!

Where Dr. Hall, strong in the fervor of religion, had rehearsed



James Mills



Willie Stevens

to her the sermons which were to make him great.

Setting Rife with Drama

Where she dreamed that with his ability and her money a great pulpit would be his some day.

The room, too, where the man of God had dreamed of earthly things, the pretty figure of his choir singer, the lilting laughter of her voice and call of her lips—even as his lawful helpmeet sat by his side.

The room which he had left with

Dr. Hall's "Wonder Heart"



MRS. ELEANOR MILLS (above), the beautiful choir singer who gave her heart and her life for the love of the Rev. Dr. Edward H. Hall, who was slain with her, today becomes the center once more of one of the most dramatic crimes ever known. Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, the rector's wife, is under arrest charged with the double murder. (Photo Graphic.)

a smile on that fatal night when he and Eleanor Mills paid with their lives for violating the code which he had preached.

The setting, too, in which, if present allegations are to be believed, Mrs. Hall, her love turned to mad jealousy, returned with her eccentric brother, furtively to warn each other of the need of secrecy and together to fear and fear and fear.

Faced Her Accusers

Mrs. Hall came down the stairs, not faltering, not like a woman who knew that police were waiting for her and that police at that hour could mean but one thing, but calmly and as if sure of herself.

At the door to the room, she paused and for a moment, as the bright lights which the police had switched on glared at her, she appeared to weaken, but only for a moment. She caught at her dressing gown and wrapped it more closely about her throat, looking, in turn, at the different police officers.

"You wished to see me, gentlemen," she asked, and her voice, though low, was firm and clear. Capt. Lamb cleared his throat. It was not easy to arrest a gray-

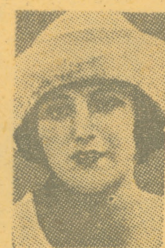
haired, motherly looking woman for murder, even if he believed her guilty of a sordid grime.

"Mrs. Hall, I am sorry," he said, "but I have a warrant for your arrest on the charge of murder. You will leave the house at once. We shall wait for you."

If the widow of the slain clergyman was unnerved she controlled



Charlotte Mills



Mrs. Eleanor Mills

her emotions superbly. Proudly she drew herself erect—she had been leaning slightly on a table—and, looking squarely at Capt. Lamb, said:—

"Why, this is preposterous. I cannot understand it. You are doing me a gross injustice," and she paused for a moment, to add:

'Pig Woman' Said She Saw Pair Killed

Mrs. Jane Gibson, who on October 21, 1922, swore that she saw Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall and Henry de la Bruyere Carpender murder the Rev. Dr. Edward H. Hall, Mrs. Hall's husband, and his love, Mrs. Eleanor Mills, on the lonely Phillips farm, near New Brunswick, today assumed the central role in the case, which has been reopened by Mrs. Hall's arrest.

Mrs. Gibson at first identified the persons who committed the crime as a "woman in gray" and a "bushy haired man" and she stuck to her story though other witnesses and detectives employed by Mrs. Hall tried to make her waver.

Mrs. Gibson's story was corroborated only by Mrs. Matthew Sulitz, wife of the Hungarian farmer-caretaker of the Phillips farm, who lives nearby and who made an affidavit which is still in possession of the authorities.

Woman Begs Mercy

Mrs. Sulitz asserted that she did not see the actual shooting, but she heard shots about 9.30 a. m. on the night of the murder, which is the same time that Mrs. Gibson gave in her story as the time of the shooting.

Mrs. Gibson, called the "Pig Woman" by her neighbors, because she raises pigs on her little farm, described the scene of the murder and said she heard a woman cry, "Oh, God! Save me! Don't shoot!"

When Mrs. Gibson told her story to the grand jury, which did not totally disbelieve it, but the jurors refused to return an indictment based on her statements as they considered the evidence which she gave insufficient.

Accused Mrs. Hall

Nevertheless, Mrs. Gibson was considered by the prosecutor as his chief witness should the case ever come to trial.

Mrs. Gibson repeatedly has said that she would come forward and repeat her story whenever she was needed. Many times Mrs. Gibson accused Mrs. Hall directly and indirectly, and, according to statements, there was no grudge basis for her charges. The "pig woman" said she simply wanted to see justice done.

"But I shall obey. Will you excuse me, gentlemen, while I dress?"

And the woman who had just heard the accusation of murder walked slowly up the stairs. At a respectful space behind her one of the officers followed, silently taking up his station outside her bedroom door, which was kept an inch or so ajar.

As she dressed, her brother, Willie Stevens, frantically begged the officers to allow his sister to remain in her home.

The eccentric fellow, loving the dead clergyman's wife with an ardent devotion, had slipped a pair of trousers over his night clothes

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